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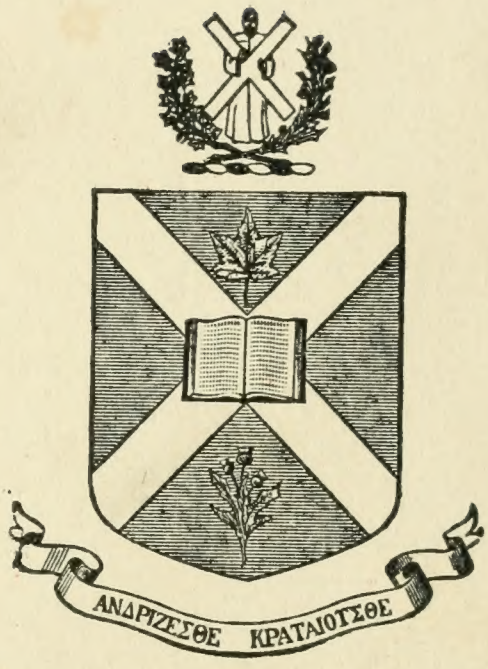

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1904

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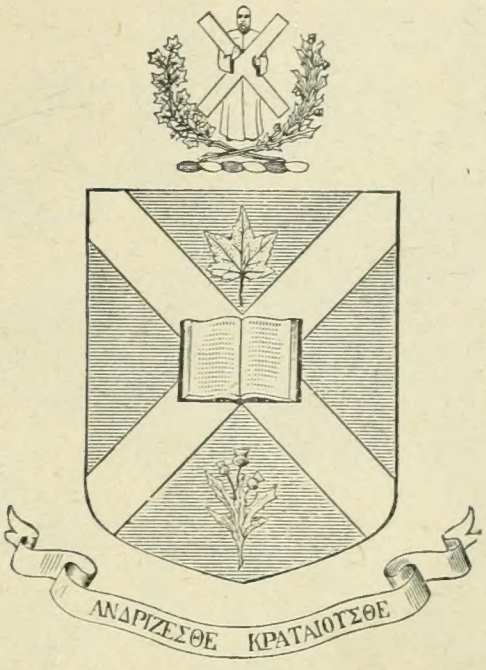

CHRISTMAS, 1904

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Editors:—McPHEDRAN
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Issued by the Editorial Committee
EVERY CHRISTMAS, EASTER and MIDSUMMER

S.A.C. SENIOR FOOTBALL TEAM, 1904.

Editorials.

THE progress of St. Andrew's College since the first class was enrolled in 1899 has been little short of phenomenal, and now that our new building is all but completed, it would seem that possibilities of expansion and influence, little dreamed of by the founders, are within reach. The success with which the College has met, and the honorable place it holds among the preparatory schools of the Dominion must be attributed, we take it, to efficient management, fidelity to high ideals and painstaking, sympathetic teaching. But efficiency such as we are aiming at cannot be gained without considerable outlay, and we are bold enough to suggest to the friends of the College that there is still ample opportunity for them to assist the Principal in his efforts to meet the increased demands upon the funds which the progress of the country, the growth of the school, and the educational requirements of the age necessitate.

IT may be of interest to our readers to know from where the College motto, *ἀνδριζεσθε κραταιουσθε*, "Quit ye like men; be strong," is taken.

The expression first occurs in the First Book of Samuel, chapter four, verse nine, where with these words the Philistines encourage each other before joining battle with the Israelites. It proved to be a battle-cry under which they advanced to victory.

It is used again by Paul in the thirteenth verse of the sixteenth chapter of 1st Corinthians, where the great apostle is urging those to whom he writes to renewed vigor and steadfastness in the conflict for the faith against evil.

A stirring battle-cry, an inspiring counsel from the lips of the great apostle, it is indeed a magnificent motto for a schoolboy. For it is a call to participate in a good fight; a call to arm for the great conflict that must be waged by all in every-day life.

THE Rugby season just passed has been in many respects most satisfactory. Early in September a schedule committee, composed of representatives from the four schools, met in Toronto and arranged dates for all games in the interschool series, thus doing away with the unnecessary and annoying delays of previous years. This is a step in the right direction, and we hope that it will not be discontinued in the future. In the practices this fall one could not help noticing that the boys displayed more interest in the game than heretofore, and the result has been that they experienced but one defeat. This was administered by U.C.C., our stumbling block upon many a former occasion. It is unfortunate that we have to waste much of the time set aside for the practices in travelling to and from Rosedale, but this is one of the many inconveniences that will be overcome when we get into our new quarters, and next year even greater things will be expected of the team.

Never before perhaps has there been a keener interest taken in hockey. Every one is rejoicing that we are to be represented once more in the junior series of the O.H.A., especially as the prospects of a winning seven are most bright. Just a word or two of advice. If study is in any wise interfered with or the capacity of the sick room overtaxed, as was the case two years ago, a stop will surely be put to all connection with the O.H.A. in future. It is incumbent, therefore, upon the members of the first and second teams to satisfy the Principal that we can be represented in this league without having the regular work of the school disorganized. The matches will begin almost immediately upon the re-opening of College, and if we expect to make a good showing this year those who are to represent us must get into condition during the holidays. Much can be done by simply taking a reasonable amount of exercise each day, and keeping regular hours.

OF the Canadian biographies this year none perhaps has proved more interesting than "The Life of the Late Principal Grant," by his son, William Lawson Grant, and Frederick Hamilton (Morang & Co., Toronto). Mr. Grant, who was associated with this school for two years as a teacher, and who is at present in Paris studying history, has done his part of the book admirably. THE REVIEW heartily congratulates one of its former

editors upon the results of his labors in this field, and trusts that when he again takes pen in hand he will give us something equally entertaining. Mr. Findlay's review of this work, which appears elsewhere in our columns, will be of interest to all.

SINCE our last issue in June many changes have taken place. The staff has lost two of its members—Mr. Grant from the Upper and Miss Grier from the Lower school. The latter will in future devote her time to Domestic Science; the former, after spending a year in Paris studying history, intends returning to Canada and undertaking more advanced work. Both were very popular with the boys, and will be greatly missed by them. Each year, however, brings its gains as well as its losses, and the staff has been strengthened by Mr. Bell, late of Victoria Collegiate School, and Mr. Northcott, a recent graduate of Trinity College.

Dr. Meyer, who was instrumental in establishing the Junior School, and in making it such a success, has taken a house in one of the residential parts of the city where he will in future reside, unmolested by the "madding crowd." He will remain on the teaching staff, however, and his place in residence will be taken by Mr. Robinson.

THE articles in this number have not, as in previous years, been entirely the work of the boys themselves, and a word or two of explanation is perhaps due. "The Bell of St. Ives," by Mr. Beddow, appeared some time ago in one of the city papers, but in all probability did not reach many of the boys, and we have obtained permission to reprint it here as a sample of a good school story. Mr. Robinson in his article on Venice has described for us a few of the places he visited while abroad during the summer holidays. Mr. Macdonald has accepted our invitation to write an open letter to the Old Boys, many of whom subscribe to THE REVIEW, and will be glad to hear from their old Principal. The review of Mr. W. L. Grant's work on the life of his father has been written by another of our masters, Mr. Findlay, but the rest of the issue, and all business connected with the printing thereof has been left in the hands of the boys.

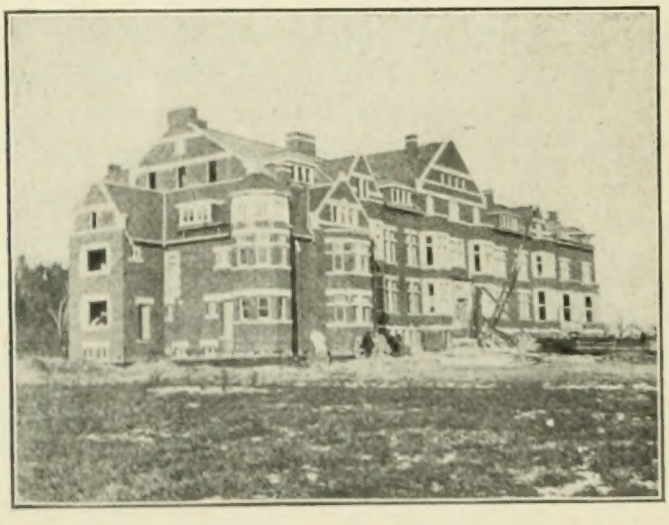
Principal Caven.

THE sad news of Principal Caven's death was received with widespread signs of sorrow. His decease removes from St. Andrew's one of her ablest directors and warmest friends. The wisdom of his counsel as a member of the Board will be greatly missed as it will be wherever he was known. As a fitting mark of respect for a great man no afternoon classes were held at St. Andrew's on the day of the funeral, and twenty or more of the boys were chosen to represent the College there.

The service at Knox College was very impressive. The chapel was crowded with the most distinguished men of the province and a large number of students who will miss very much the kindly face of their beloved Principal. When the service was over, the funeral *cortege* moved slowly away between silent throngs. Bodies of students from all the colleges marched in the procession, and it was one of the longest that have been seen in Toronto for years. The whole occasion, though it lacked anything like pomp or ceremony, was exceedingly impressive in its very simplicity. It was eminently fitting that it should be so, for the life of the man himself was a personification of that same virtue—simplicity.

Dr. Caven was a great Presbyterian, but the name of a mere denomination is too narrow a term for him. He was a great Canadian—a great and good man, and his life with its splendid outstanding characteristics of tireless industry, broad-mindedness, wise leadership, and simple living, makes him a fine example for those who are to be the men of to-morrow.

MASSEY.



A VIEW OF THE NEW BUILDINGS.

—Photo by G. M. W.

The Big Bell at St. Ives.

BY F. S. BEDDOW.

"TELL Moffatt that 'Tug' wants to see every fellow in the sixth form right after school to-night. He will be under the trees at the bottom of the campus. Don't make a noise about it, now. Keep your eye skinned for masters!" Off went the messenger, proud to bear a message from the mighty "Tug."

"Tug" was not in the sixth form, nor indeed in the fifth, for he was a "chump" at lessons, but he led the school, notwithstanding, by sheer force of personality. So whenever there was anything "on," "Tug" was at the head of it.

It must be understood that there existed a far-famed and bitter rivalry between Redgate and the neighboring St. Ives—a rivalry handed down from generation to generation of boys—and each of the schools was always on the lookout to "get even" with the other. This had inspired "Tug's" message.

The sixth form found "Tug" had concocted a splendid, new scheme—a scheme in every way worthy of himself. It was a secret expedition to St. Ives under cover of night, and the object was to bring away the clapper of the big bell which hung in the tower. This plot was daring enough to charm the heart of the wildest boy, and if successful would place a halo of everlasting glory about the head of every member of the expedition. For Redgate to gain possession of the tongue of the enemy's bell—that big bell that for so many years had rung out over St. Ives—was a dream well calculated to appeal to the boy-nature of the redoubtable "Tug" and his companions. Then, the risk to be taken was simply splendid. To begin with, it was, of course, against the rules to be out of the building after dark, and much more against the rules to leave the college grounds. Then there was a distance of a mile and a half to be covered without being seen. Then there was the task of clambering over the wall of St. Ives, and getting into the ancient tower, and climbing up the old, winding staircase in the darkness. Next, there was getting the heavy clapper unhooked. Then the return journey, which meant all the risks multiplied by two. But the night was going to be dark, and "Tug" had laid most elaborate plans, and the boys were keen to go.

That night at "lights out" every boy in "Tug's" dormitory

was ready for bed. This was surprising, and a sure sign that something was "on"—good behavior always was.

It need not be thought the whole school was in the secret—"Tug" was a better general than that. Only a picked few knew anything about this great expedition, that seemed to the boys in the plot to rival anything ever done, even the famous march of Xenophon's 10,000 Greeks.

At last "the general" thought everybody in the building was sound asleep—even the vigilant masters—so a window was cautiously raised, and three boys crept out on to the roof just below. "Tug" led the way down a waterpipe, and in a little while the whole party was safely on the ground. It seemed terribly dark standing, at midnight, of one of the blackest nights of the year, crouching beneath the great walls of the school, not a light showing at a single window. In fact, it was so dark that two of the party felt just a little like "funking it," but they looked at "Tug" and all their courage returned.

It was an exciting tramp, that mile and a half across the bleak fields in the inky darkness, and once the boys almost ran into a farmer, who would have been certain to know them, but creeping close under a hedge they escaped, though their hearts beat very fast for a minute.

At length they reached St. Ives, and in a few minutes more stood at the foot of the massive stone bell-tower. They had just turned their attention to the outer door, which gave admittance to the tower, when suddenly their ears were startled by approaching footsteps. There was no time to run, so they drew themselves up as close as possible to the wall and waited, with their hearts in their mouths. "Were they caught?" "It meant expulsion certainly!" "They had been seen!" Just as such thoughts were flying through their heads, who should come round the corner but little Johnny Stibbs, one of the lower school at Redgate, a midget about eight years old. "Tug" was perfectly frantic with rage, but did not dare to make any noise about it, and, as the youngster refused to go back, he had to be allowed to stay. It seems he had somehow got wind of the secret expedition, and, "Tug" being his idol, had sneaked out of bed and followed the adventurers.

The door before which the boys were now standing was locked, but "Tug," it must be remembered, was a tactician of no mean order, and while able to plan an expedition as a whole, was none the less able to command all details thereof as well. The door was locked, but he had only to feel in his pocket to produce

a key. It might be mentioned here, as a side-light on the genius of "Tug," that the masters of St. Ives had missed the key to this door more than three weeks before, and no one in the school had been able to explain its disappearance. The lock turned beautifully, but to the astonishment of the boys the door stuck fast. The fact was, a heavy bolt had been put on inside since "Tug" had last visited the scene! Surely even Cæsar would have been beaten by a thing like that, thought "Tug," who was an ardent admirer of that illustrious Roman's military powers, though, of course, a most cordial hater of his commentaries. But presently a small window on the farther side of the tower was found. Now if they could only get it open! Yes, it would open with the help of a knife! But the next difficulty was, it was too small to crawl through. Ah! "Tug" has an idea, and his ideas are usually worth having, that is, about affairs military—why not use little Stibbs?

In next to no time little Stibbs had been hoisted in, and had unbolted the door. "What luck that 'kid' came," muttered "Tug," as the prowlers began stealthily to mount the stairs, feeling their way by inches in the dark. But how those old steps did creak! It almost seemed as if they knew they were being trodden upon by the enemies of St. Ives, and were doing their best to give the alarm.

But in spite of the darkness, and the dreadful creaking and cracking of the old stairs, and the terrifying noises made by armies of scampering rats, the boys at length reached the top of the tower, and, looking up, could just make out the huge shape of the big bell hanging above them. A little more climbing and the coveted clapper was within easy reach. "It just wants unhooking," said "Tug," under his breath, not because anyone could hear him up there, but simply because all men and boys naturally talk like that when they are doing what they should not on someone else's premises.

"You fellows steady me while I reach up," came the order. "Tug" was standing on a beam and just reaching out his arms to unhook the heavy clapper, when a frightful sound filled the darkness in the tower, and struck consternation and terror into the heart even of "Tug." The boys instinctively held both hands tightly over their ears, and huddled into a corner. The great bell was ringing out its deafening tones only a foot or two from them, for someone below was vigorously pulling the rope, and in the confined space of the stone belfry the din was almost unbearable. Looking out through an opening in the stone-work they saw to their horror St. Ives was on fire!

All the old bitter feeling towards the boys of St. Ives instantly vanished, and the four Redgate lads were now just as keen to give any aid they might as, a moment before, they had been keen to get possession of the bell-clapper. Yet, they dared not stir, for they knew that to show themselves meant detection, and detection meant dire consequences. Things were serious. The clapper was quite forgotten. They had unexpectedly become prisoners; they must wait like prisoners—but how long? There was no telling. Perhaps the fire would be put out, and when everything was quiet and dark again they could slip off undiscovered. But supposing the fire attacked the tower! And how could they be sure it had not already begun to do so? Thus they were wondering, now determining on this, now on that, and even the resourceful "Tug" was unnerved and at a loss, when suddenly little Stibbs pointed at a boy running across the playground. "Why, there's 'Jib' Rooney!" he cried. Sure enough there was the well-known "Jib," their schoolmate, and what delighted them was that he was immediately followed by the whole of Redgate, who had heard the news and had rushed over to help. The four prisoners in the belfry saw their chance, and it was only a few minutes before they were down out of the tower and safely lost in the excited crowd of their own schoolfellows.—*The News.*

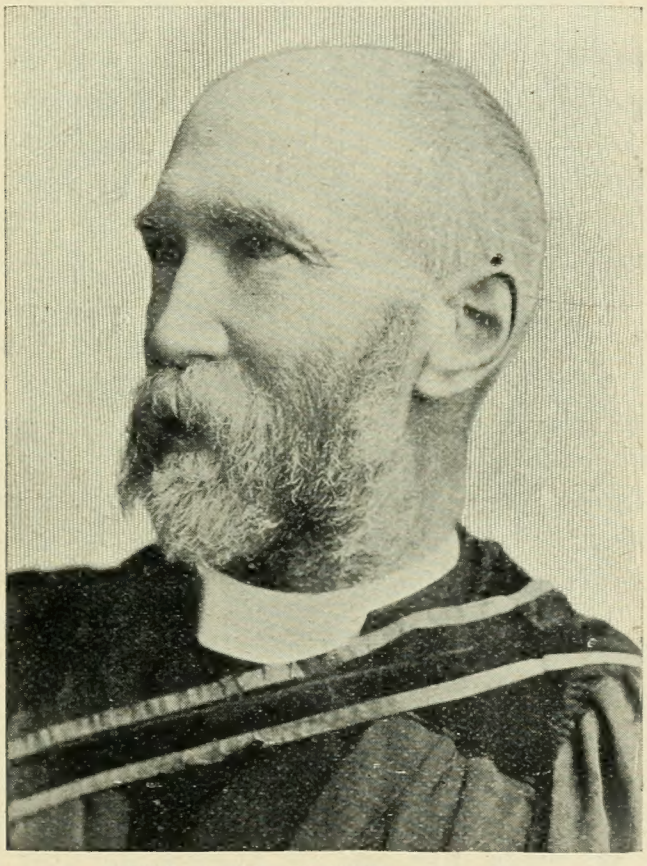
A RECRUIT SQUAD FOR THE CADET CORPS.

—*Photo by G. M. W.*

Principal Grant.—A Review.

BY WILLIAM LAWSON GRANT AND FREDERICK HAMILTON.

IT is only natural that we of St. Andrew's College should take an especial interest in the biography of the late Principal of Queen's, since most of its chapters were written within our own walls by a friend, who, until recently, was one of ourselves. It is even more natural, you will agree, now that the book has run into its second edition and won high praise from competent critics, that we should likewise



THE LATE PRINCIPAL GRANT

claim a modicum, at least, of the credit. First of all, then, let us offer our heartiest congratulations to our old colleague and master, Mr. W. L. Grant, who has performed a worthy service to his illustrious father and brought no small honor upon himself. Our sincere hope is that this really excellent memoir may be but the herald of many successes, which, we feel confident, will follow. In all fairness we must here state that Mr. Frederick

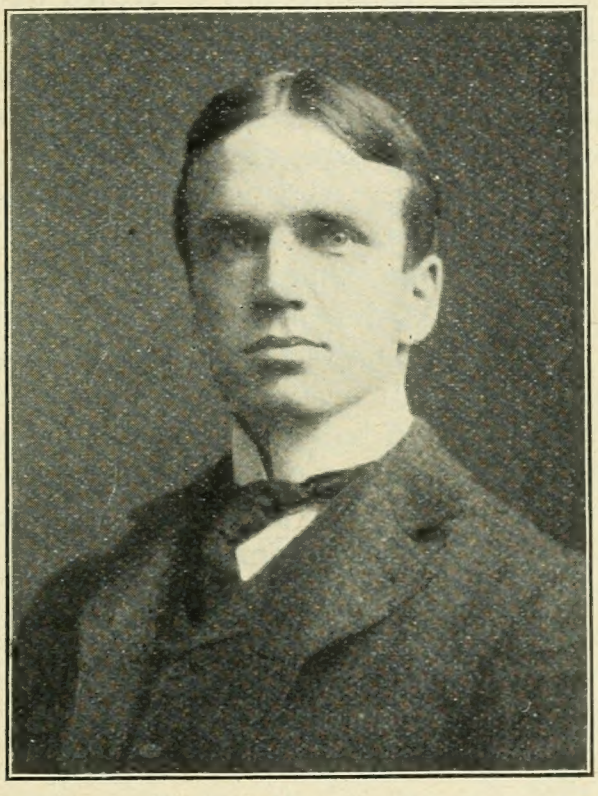
Hamilton has done his part of the work in an equally creditable manner, and we congratulate him also.

To review in a brief article a large volume of over five hundred pages, packed with facts, is no easy matter. What must it have meant to write it? It will conduce to clearness, however, to mention that of the total twenty-six chapters Mr. Grant has written seventeen and Mr. Hamilton nine; the former dealing for the most part with his father's youth, private life, and character, the latter with the principal's university and public career. With a view to letting the book speak for itself, some quotations are given, and, if the hero's earlier days are touched upon more fully than his later years, it is in the belief that this portion of his life forecasts the future and is likely to prove more interesting to our readers.

Pictou County, Nova Scotia, enjoys the reputation of having produced a larger number of famous men than any other county in Canada. In this banner county, sixty-nine years ago almost to a day (December 22nd), George Munro Grant, third son of James and Mary Grant (*née* Munro) was born. His father had emigrated from Scotland nine years before, and after teaching school for a time had settled down to life on a farm. It was here that the future principal gained his love of nature and the practical ability to turn his hand to the need of the moment. Shortly before his eighth birthday he had the misfortune to lose his right hand while playing with a new hay-cutter. As the little sufferer was being carried to his home, a comrade running by his side endeavored to cheer him up by his boyish consolation, "Dinna greet, Geordie, I hae the fingers." This accident changed the course of his life. Many stories are still current about the event; how his father said, "He'll never be a farmer now; we'll have to make him a scholar," and how, on the very evening of the accident, the little fellow began to practise writing with his left hand, an exaggeration which yet brings out vividly the indomitable pluck and energy which were his even as a boy. Three times before reaching the age of twelve he was in danger of his life; once by falling from a bridge into the river in a struggle with another boy over the ownership of a fishing-rod, and, again, by going head-first down a well in the schoolyard, while taking part in the noble game of attempting to see who could peer farthest over the top without falling in. "Do not be afraid about that boy, Mrs. Grant," said a neighbor to his mother; "The Lord has surely some work for him to do." So his mother firmly believed, and she was right.

A younger brother, Charles, tells of Geordie's delight at winning his first prize after they had moved to Pictou town to attend the academy there. "Suddenly I saw George—it is my first clear vision of him—bounding across the vacant space between the academy and our house, for neither then nor ever could he move save forcefully, and 'Cha, I have got the medal,' he cries. I looked up from my mud-pie and wondered that he should seem so surprised. The idea of any other boy being equal to him! And so thought we, all of us."

Many other stories are told in bright and easy style of the boy's pluck and vivacity, but those which we have given will perhaps suffice.



MR. W. L. GRANT

These were the days when factions in Nova Scotia were at their fiercest. George Grant was brought up in an atmosphere of political and secular bitterness and this filled him with the ardent desire to do away with it. He became fired with that passion for unity which was one of the strongest features of his religious life. The great need of the Nova Scotian Church at that time was a native ministry, and, as there was no local theological hall, the people decided to send some of their choicest students to Scotland for the requisite training. Accordingly, in 1853, four young

men set sail for Glasgow University, the youngest of whom was George Munro Grant.

At Glasgow, Grant's superabounding energy and widespread sympathies carried him into every sphere of student life—the classes, the debating society and athletics. His bright and buoyant spirit and his engaging manner soon made him a unique figure among his fellow-undergraduates.

On the football team he is said to have been ardent and untiring, full of wiles and dash, and perfectly regardless of injuries either to himself or his opponents. He fell into frequent scrapes, out of which his cleverness usually extricated him. On one midwinter day a fierce snowball fight began opposite the college gates between some younger students and a crowd of boys and grinning lads in the street. In the course of it one small student—conspicuous in his scarlet college gown—had thrown a snowball which struck a big lad full in the eye. In sudden passion the big fellow dropped his snowball, rushed at the boy and began to pummel him unmercifully. At this moment Grant appeared at the college gate with his books under his arm. The instant he saw what was going on he handed his books to another student, fought his way quickly to the heart of the crowd and went for the bully. So fierce was his attack that the blood spurted out over the snow, and a policeman arriving arrested Grant on a charge of stabbing. He was soon bailed out by his fellow-students, but was compelled to appear next day to stand his trial. "The Police Court was flooded with students," says Dr. Macrae," the younger set of whom, in their enthusiasm over Grant, had conceived the wild idea, if he were condemned, of swarming over the barriers, overwhelming the police, and carrying Grant forth to liberty. As it turned out there was fortunately no occasion for attempting this mad feat. He stated the circumstances with such effect, and his statement was so fully corroborated, that the magistrate not only dismissed the case, but said something in the way of complimenting him on his chivalrous intervention. The students applauded, swarmed out with Grant, escorted him to the college court, and after a rousing cheer in his honor, and another in honor of the magistrate, dispersed."

But though so prominent in all circles of academic life, Grant never forgot that he had come to Glasgow to study. He won so many scholarships, bursaries, and medals, that he was able to maintain himself without calling on his family at home for assistance. At times he filled his scanty purse by acting as tutor in

private families. His college note-book shows that this last occupation was not always a bed of roses.

Besides devoting himself with unflagging industry to his studies, he found time to gain a knowledge of men and affairs. His readiness, coolness and dash in debate were of great service to him in his class associations and in the college elections. He was brimful of spirits, fond of a fight, but always fair. He was greatly influenced by the preachers of the Scottish city, particularly by Norman Macleod, of the Barony Church, of whom he afterwards said, "He was the greatest man I have ever known." He took an active part in Sunday School work and in the city missions, besides acting as correspondent for the *Record,* the organ of the Synod of the Maritime Provinces. In the summer of 1860 he took his testamur in theology at Glasgow University, and in the autumn went for a tour on the Continent. On his return to Scotland he was offered the position of assistant to the Rev. Norman Macleod, but declined, as, although he would have had a larger field in the Old Land, he felt that duty called him to labor in the land of his birth. The impression one gets from reading these records of Grant's student days is that he was an ideal muscular Christian. At the closing dinner, given in honor of the four Nova Scotians before leaving for home, Grant, in replying to the toast to the guests, said that his motto in college had been, "What thy hand findeth to do, do it with all thy might." That would be his rallying cry in the battle of life, and would, he hoped, be theirs.

On his return to Nova Scotia Grant was called to the mission field of River John, near Pictou. He went to work with a will, and at once began the erection of a new church. Shortly afterwards he was removed to Prince Edward Island, where he built another church. Finally, in 1863, when not yet twenty-eight years of age, he was called to St. Matthew's Church, Halifax, the largest and most influential church in the province.

In Halifax Grant girded himself for the work with the same zeal and determination which had distinguished him at Glasgow and on his mission fields. His charm of manner, his vivacity of conversation, as well as his power in the pulpit, soon made him a general favorite. Every department of the work in the church flourished. He became noted as a skilful organizer and administrator; above all, as an extraordinarily successful collector of money. He exterminated the mortgage on St. Matthew's Church in one night, by first getting the congregation in good humor and then passing round the subscription lists. But the work of a single

church soon seemed too small a sphere for his wonderful activity. He carried on work among the sailors and in the hospitals, but especially his thoughts were directed to the young men of the city. He aided in the building of outside churches, was largely instrumental in the revival of Dalhousie College, and endeavored to found a theological hall in Halifax. At the same time he contributed regularly to journals and took a profound interest in everything affecting the life of the country. In Grant the qualities of leadership were not difficult to discern. He was remarkably frank and outspoken; his strong militant nature sometimes arousing keen opposition, but of his sincerity there could be no doubt. His life was all of a piece. As a boy he showed the same characteristics as he did when a man.

On May 7th, 1869, he married Miss Jessie Lawson, the eldest daughter of a successful West India merchant. His wife restrained his naturally aggressive spirit by the influence of her sweet and gentle nature. He gradually learned more of caution and prudence, so that "the inward fire which consumed him gave forth not less heat, but more light."

As an example of the interest which Grant took in public affairs at this period, we may cite the part he played in the Confederation of the provinces of the Dominion. He was an ardent advocate of union, which he thought should be effected while the country was young, and before local feelings, official interests, and so forth, grew to be too strong to be broken. His desire was to apply the doctrines of Christ to the affairs of this world. For the union he spoke and wrote fearlessly. Some of his church members criticized him severely, but in the country at large he was recognized as a man of ideas and ideals, and his influence was a potent factor in bringing the Lower Provinces into Confederation.

In the summer of 1872 Grant accompanied Mr. (now Sir) Sandford Fleming across the continent to see with his own eyes the main features of the country through which the proposed Canadian Pacific Railway was to pass. The results of this tour were embodied in the following year in his book, "Ocean to Ocean." A more admirable book of travel and adventure could scarcely be found for a Canadian boy. It closes with this expressive summary:

Distance travelled by railway.....	957 miles
Distance travelled by horses	2,185 miles
Distance travelled by steamers	1,687 miles
Distance travelled by canoes and rowboats..	485 miles
From Halifax to Victoria, between July 1st and October 11th	5,314 miles

"Thank God we have a country," wrote Grant. He foresaw the future, and called on the people of Canada to "rise up and build."

Union was the watchword of Grant's political and ecclesiastical career. In the union of the Presbyterian Churches of Canada he took an active and prominent part. In addition to his many other duties Grant had always taken a great interest in educational reform. He had fought for separate schools; had favored Dalhousie College as a non-sectarian university, and had collected money for the Pine Hill Theological College. In the autumn of 1877 he was offered the vacant principalship of Queen's University, which, on being assured of the support of his colleagues, he accepted. It was hard for him to turn his back upon his native province, but he felt that his work in Nova Scotia was done. There was a larger field beyond, and Upper Canada had need of him.

Principal Grant's work at Queen's we cannot trace in detail, as space will not permit. Indeed, it is needless to do more than present a few general statements to show the magnitude of the task he performed, as, being nearer in time and place, it is more or less familiar to all.

Before 1878 Queen's stood aloof from the provincial system of education, and was a small and struggling Presbyterian college. As it was a denominational institution it received no aid from the government. In his inaugural address the new principal struck a high note of hope and confidence; declared for independence, and began to bring Queen's prominently before the public. Although he had vowed never to start another money scheme, as his soul hated the work, his first service to Queen's was to collect. He canvassed almost the entire Province of Ontario, and within a surprisingly short time had raised a hundred and forty thousand dollars.

Again and again he collected large amounts by appealing to graduates and friends, so that the university, under his adroit management, grew and prospered. By the federation negotiations of 1885 Queen's became involved in politics. Grant, of course, was her spokesman, and he succeeded in securing, first, the recognition, and, finally, the assistance of the government. During his *régime* the faculties of medicine and practical science were developed, and Queen's gradually acquired her present high standing in the province.

The relations of the principal to his students and staff were generally of a most pleasant nature. His cheerfulness kept them

in good humor, and the fact that he was doing three men's work himself inspired them to do their best. The student body was in reality a democracy. Under Grant's strong and tactful guidance this freedom developed an admirable *esprit de corps,* although occasionally even his great powers of conciliation were put to the test. Grant, however, had a way of rising to the occasion. Take, for instance, his handling of the meds. who had risen in rebellion because the meetings in their "den" had been disallowed. Grant called a mass-meeting. Had he begun as some might have done, there would have been pandemonium in five minutes. Instead of commencing with vituperation, he put them off their guard by an unexpectedly complimentary vein of wit. Before they knew it they were applauding his remarks roundly, and had quite forgotten their proper hostile attitude. After a few minutes, when he had gained complete control, he gradually and ingeniously changed the form of his remarks until he finally wound up by giving the whole medical student body such a sound trouncing, metaphorically-speaking, as they had never imagined themselves capable of experiencing. The meetings in the "den" ceased.

With regard to Principal Grant's public activities little need be said. His views on the national questions of the tariff, British connection and prohibition are clearly stated and stoutly defended in the biography. Not that either his son or his collaborator is blind to the principal's faults. Indeed, the spirit of candor and evident fairness with which his peculiarities are set forth is one of the gratifying features of the work. An interesting disclosure is made in the correspondence of the late Sir Oliver Mowat and Principal Grant, in which it is revealed that the latter was urged to accept the portfolio of Minister of Education in Ontario. He declined on the ground that he wished to be independent of any political party, and also because he could not bring himself to desert Queen's, nor to "unfrock" himself as a minister of the Gospel.

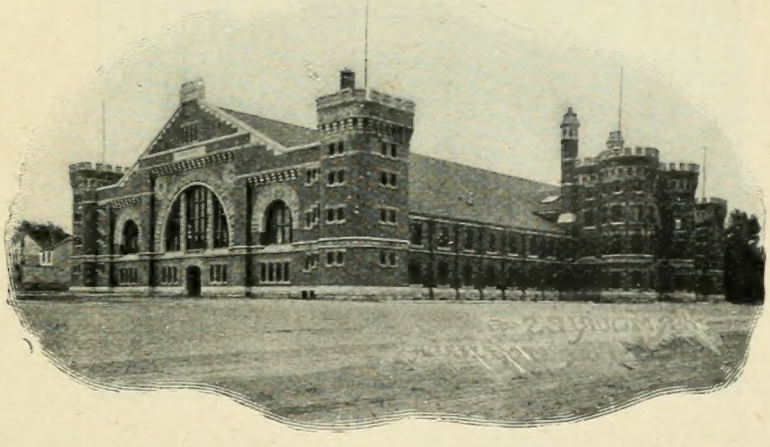
The chapter dealing with the trip around the world, which he was forced to take to recover his health, is one of the most absorbing chapters of a book that has not a dull page in it. His admiration for the Boer and his attitude toward the South African War are here fully explained. Grant was an imperialist before imperialism became popular. Like all true leaders he could read the signs of the times. As he himself said, "We build for the ages."

As for his private life—his fondness for home, his love of children, his geniality, and his deeply religious view of life—we

can but refer the reader to the biography. When he died Canada lost a truly great man. His character was so many-sided, and his activities were so numerous, that they cannot easily be summed up. The head of a university, he was keenly interested in politics; a theologian, he was sensitive to the material development of his country; a clergyman, he had singularly accurate views upon military policy; a scholar, he had superb administrative ability. Eagerness, energy, keenness and, underlying all, sympathy, were the outstanding features of the man. Like his Master, he lived "not to be ministered unto, but to minister."

Principal Grant, we may add in closing, evinced a kindly interest in St. Andrew's College, and on several occasions had conversations with our principal in regard to its affairs.

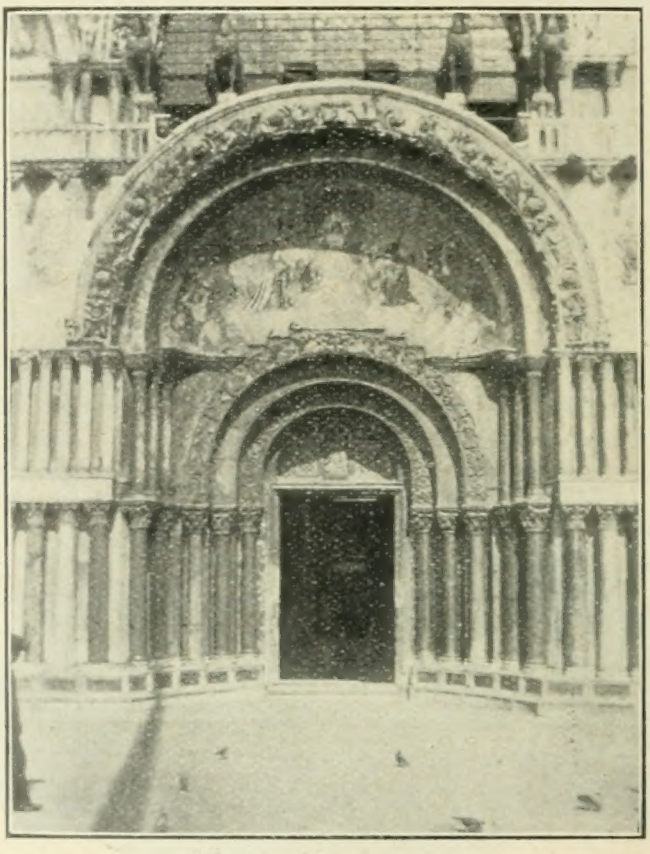
W. A. FINLAY.



THE ARMOURIES, TORONTO.

Venice.

THE train for Venice leaves Florence at 10.30 in the morning, and one has a long journey, first, through the Apennines, and then across the plain of the Po, arriving at Venice at about seven in the evening. The Apennines are much finer than one would imagine, the scenery being that of the Alps in miniature; but the pleasure of the journey is marred by the numerous tunnels which cut off the choicest views

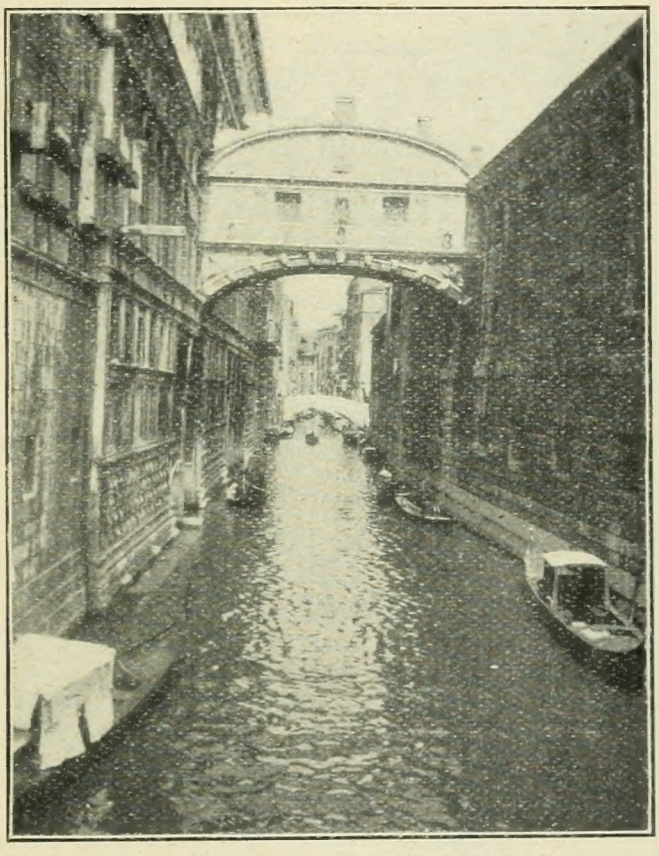


DOORWAY OF ST. MARK'S.

and fill the small compartments with smoke and gas from the engine. The train passes the old and historic cities of Bologna, Ferrara, and Padua, and one wishes that it were possible to break the journey at these interesting places.

As the traveller approaches Venice a change in the character of the country is apparent. The land is less carefully cultivated; here and there are pools of water; dykes are seen; then suddenly

the train runs out upon a causeway and for two and a half miles there is the sea on both sides. The railway station at Venice is very like all other railway stations, with its ticket office, news-stand, and porters, and one hardly realizes that he has arrived at the most unique city in Europe. With its noise and bustle, the station suggests modern civilization and commercialism, but outside the traveller does not find a tram-car or a cab, he must embark in a gondola; he has arrived in Venice, a city, mediæval, unpractical, poetical, beautiful, magical in its charm.



THE BRIDGE OF SIGHS.

The city is situated on 117 small islands, formed by the intersection of 150 canals; the whole forming a city of 15,000 houses and palaces, about six and a half miles in circumference. Through this network of buildings, narrow streets and canals runs the Grand Canal, the main artery of traffic, two miles long and about seventy-five yards wide. The city is surrounded on all sides by the sea, and the tides of the Adriatic flow along its canals and wash the foundations of its buildings.

Venice is a very old city. Having its origin at the time of

the barbarian invasions, it rose to power, first, under the doge Enrico Dandolo, who conquered Constantinople, in 1204. It was at the zenith of its power in 1492. It was reduced, in 1797, to a population of 96,000, and it is now, as a part of the kingdom of Italy, a city of 148,500. It is a commercial and naval port, and the seat of a Roman Catholic Archbishop, who bears the title of Patriarch—the present Pope having been Patriarch of Venice before his election to the chair of St. Peter.

Of all the sights that the traveller sees in Venice, none is

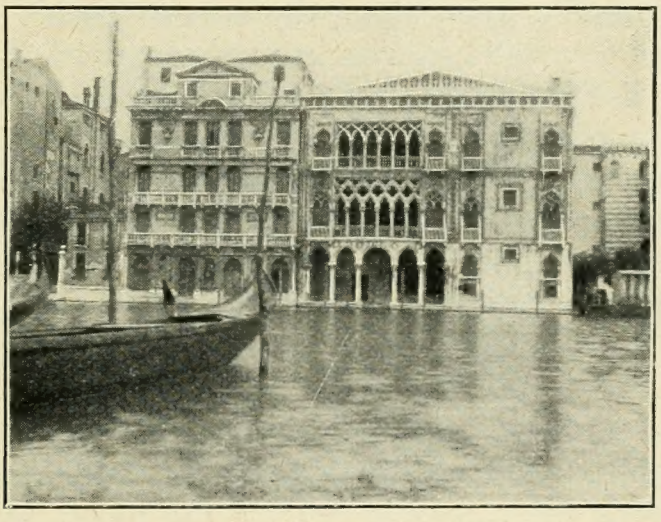
FEEDING THE PIGEONS IN FRONT OF ST. MARK'S.

more beautiful than the famous church of St. Mark's. According to legend, a Venetian fleet, in 828, brought the body of St. Mark to Venice, and over his tomb this splendid church was built. It stands at the end of the Piazza of St. Mark's, and is unique in design and beauty. It is colored like an opal, and carved like a jewel casket. Its mosaics would form a study in themselves. Flying about the exterior of St. Mark's are the famous pigeons, which every traveller wishes to feed. They are so tame that they will alight on the hands, head or shoulders of

anyone who offers them grain. Over the doorway of the church are placed the historic " travelled horses." These are four bronze horses cast about two thousand years ago, which have adorned various arches and buildings in Rome, Constantinople, Paris, and Venice. They are the sole surviving example of an ancient quadriga.

Next to St. Mark's in interest for the traveller is the Doges' Palace, a building of great architectural beauty and rich in historic associations and the treasures of art. Here the Italian patriot, Silvio Pellico, was confined. The largest oil painting in the world, Tintoretto's " Paradise," adorns the walls of the Council Chamber. This and the other wall paintings of the Doges' Palace are masterpieces of the Venetian school of painting.

Behind the Doges' Palace, and connecting it with a gloomy prison, is the " Bridge of Sighs," rendered famous by the familiar lines of Byron, but which, apart from its own architectural



THE CA DORO.

beauty, has no particular interest for the visitor, since no prisoners of importance have ever been conducted across the present structure. It is, however, one of the romantic sights of Venice.

One gets the best impression of Venice, as a whole, by taking a gondola from end to end of the Grand Canal, beginning at the beautiful church of Santa Marie della Salute and ending at the railway station. One passes the palace occupied by Browning and now belonging to his son; the palace where Byron stayed; the palace where Wagner died; the famous and beautiful Cà Doro, and one passes under the ever memorable Ponte Rialto.

The Ponte Rialto is a bridge, which in its day was considered a great achievement of engineering skill. It is a massive and picturesque, single-arch bridge, spanning the Grand Canal. It has two rows of quaint shops, and three passages for pedestrians. Here we are reminded of Shylock and Antonio, and passing along in the romantic gondola one cannot help wondering from which of these ancient palaces, it may be, that the fair Jessica once looked down upon the gallant Lorenzo.

One of the chief glories of Venice passed away when the Campanile collapsed in 1901. The Italian Government, however, is rebuilding the famous tower, and the writer observed the workmen employed on the foundations, driving piles with a pile-driver, which was worked by hand, but which was quite in keeping with the artistic surroundings. The weight rose and fell as the men sang together.

Venice would not be Venice without its gondolas. These picturesque craft form half the charm of the city, and the weird cries of the gondola men along the narrow canals as warnings to one another to avoid collision are very impressive.

At night, if it be moonlight, Venice is a magic place. It was the good fortune of the writer to be there when the moon was full, and on the night of his arrival he spent an hour moving up and down between the Island of San Giorgio and the Palace of the Doges. A band was playing on the piazza of St. Mark's; numerous gondolas were gliding about; the lights along the canals trembled far down in the water; across the Canale di S. Marco, the tower of S. Giorgio Maggiore was outline in the moonlight; near by the songs and music of serenaders were heard; no one in such circumstances could be diappointed with Venice.

Venice needs the romantic rays of the moon or the bright light of the sun to be seen at its best. Otherwise its faded grandeur, its air of antiquity and decay are too apparent; but if the sunshine be strong, the intense blue of the sky, the green of the sea, the red and brown sails of fisher-boats, and the glittering whiteness of the marble buildings make a landscape of incredible color.

An Italian lady whom the writer met in Florence, said goodbye with these words, in expressive, though broken English: "Give my love to Venice; tell her I do always think of her the most beautiful thoughts!"

—Percy J. Robinson.

Athletics.

McMaster vs. St. Andrew's.

The first football match this year was played against McMaster University, when the Crimson and White fell before their more weighty opponents; nevertheless the college boys put up a very stubborn game, as will be seen from the small score, 5—0. The first half was one of continual bucking, and the ball was frequently given to opponents when yards were not made.

In the second half McMaster bucked over for 5 points. The try was not converted. This ended the scoring despite the strenuous efforts of the college boys to even things up. For St. Andrew's, Alison and Ferguson, on the forward line, played well, while all the back division went through the game without an error. McMaster owe their victory chiefly to the work of McArthur, who punted and caught beautifully. The team lined up as follows:

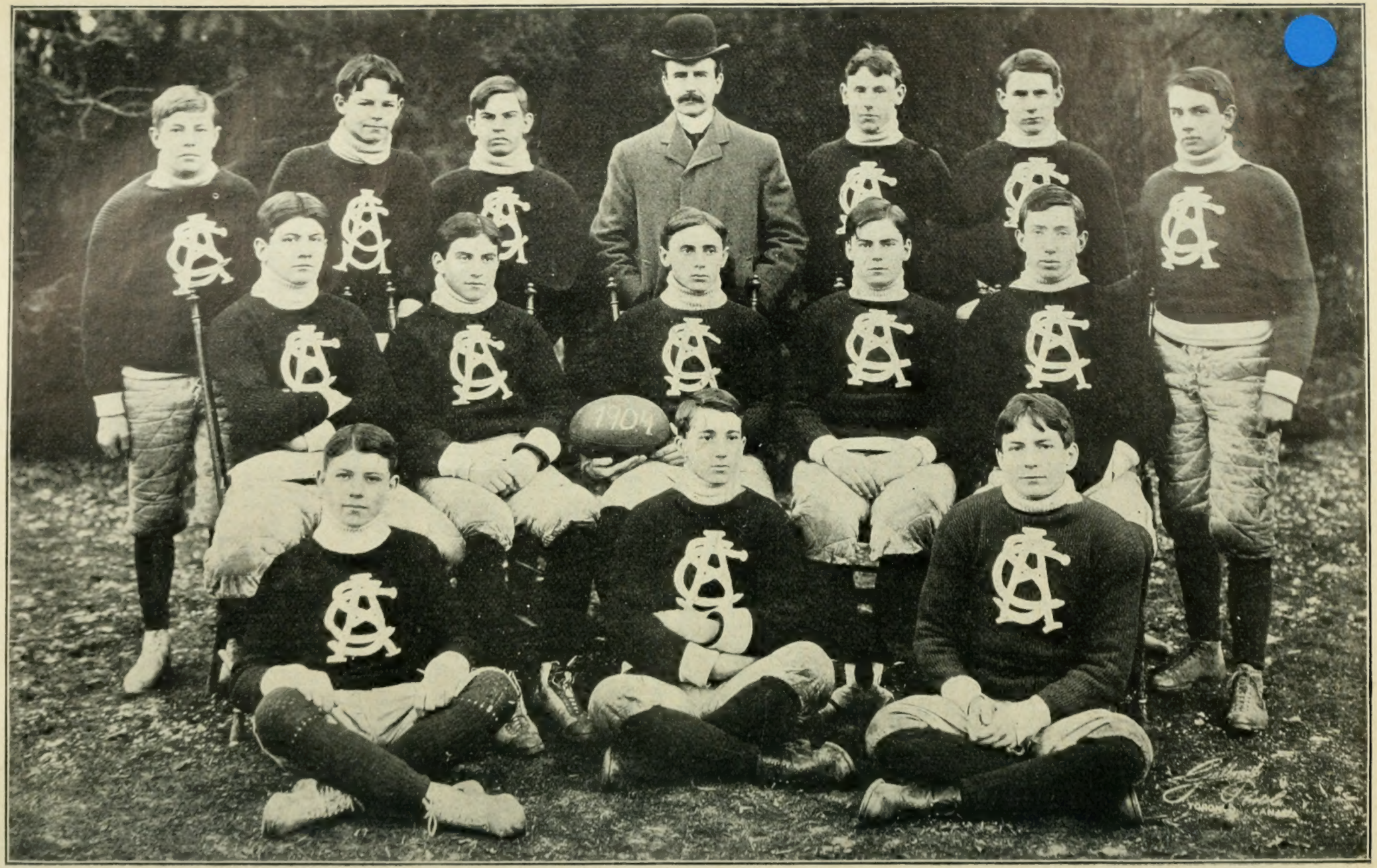
S.A.C.: Full, Ferguson 2; halves, Cotton, Sale, Grier; quarter, E. Allan, McArthur; wings, Alison, Ferguson 1, May, Chase, Thorne, McLaren; scrimmage, Spohn, Allan, Dougas. Referee, G. H. Wallace; umpire, S. McArthur.

U. C. C. vs. S. A. C.

The first of the annual school games this year was played on October 22nd, when St. Andrew's and Upper Canada met at Rosedale.

The two teams appeared on the field about 10.30, and seemed confident of victory. In weight U. C. C. looked to be slightly the heavier.

U. C. C. won the toss and kicked with the heavy west wind that was blowing. The first point was scored by U. C. C. on a long punt, and the fast following up of their wings. This was followed by a series of bucks by St. Andrew's, but U. C. C. soon got possession of the ball and scored another rouge on a long punt by Fleet. St. Andrew's tried hard to hold their opponents down, and played chiefly on the defensive, but U. C. C.'s wing line was too strong for bucking, and they soon had possession of the ball again. U. C. C. scored two more rouges on punts by



S.A.C. SECOND FOOTBALL TEAM, 1904.

Fleet, and fumbles of St. Andrew's halves. St. Andrew's braced up considerably after this and played together much better, but seemed unable to keep the ball away from their opponents, who again got possession just before half-time. Fleet then dropped a goal from the field, making the score 9—0, and this ended the scoring for the first half.

In the second half S. A. C. started off with a rush, and soon had the ball within a few yards of their opponents' line, but were unable to buck over. U. C. C. then brought the ball back to half-way, and used their back division for bucking. In this they were quite successful, as the college wings played too far apart. In trying to stop these bucks Sale and Alison were both hurt, while Gooderham, for U. C. C., retired from the game with an injured shoulder. When St. Andrew's got possesion of the ball their halves continually kicked into touch, which gave the wings no chance. Near the end of the game Cotton kicked over the line, and Ryerson was forced to kick into dead line, score 9—2. This ended the scoring, and at the end of the game the two teams retired to the club house, where refreshments were served. For U. C. C., Fleet, on the half-line, played the best game, while Clarkson, at inside wing, equally distinguished himself.

The St. Andrew's wing line played the game for the college, the most conspicuous being Alison and Allan.

Mr. Barr, as referee, and Gordon Fleck, as umpire, proved satisfactory to both teams. The line up was as follows:

Full, Fergusson; halves, Cotton, Sale, Grier; quarter, Ferguson 1; wings, Alison, Spohn, May, Allan, Thorne, McLaren; scrimmage, Douglas, Allan, Chase.

Ridley vs. St. Andrew's.

The second big game was at Ridley College, St. Catharines, October 29th, 1904. The team landed at Ridley about eleven o'clock, and, of course, had some two hours to idle away before dinner. The teams lined up at 2.15, and from the spectators' point of view everything looked as though Ridley would win, having both weight and speed, but this was not to be.

B. R. C. won the toss and kicked with the wind. In a short time they had managed to get over our line twice, making the score 10—0 in their favor. This one-sided score did not daunt the visiting team, and from that time they worked harder and

together. After a series of punting and short runs the ball was gradually forced into Ridley territory, and then ensued a series of bucks, with here and there a run, followed by beautiful tackling. Both teams strived their utmost, B. R. C. on the attack. The strain was hard, and many were laid out. A nice run by Ferguson brought the ball to Ridley's ten-yard line. Here their weight helped them, and our bucks were repulsed. Other tactics were then resorted to, but the whistle for half time rang out with the score 10—0, and the Ridley boys showing signs of fatigue.

The wind which had helped so much in the first half dropped completely. Ridley's kick off was returned, and followed up quickly, a fumble and S. A. C.'s ball at twenty-yard line. The kick, which followed, was caught by Lee (min.) behind their line. He tried hard to relieve, but the St. Andrew's wings were there too soon, and the result was a rouge—score 10—1. Ridley now turned to line bucking, and used Lea (maj.) to good advantage. The defence of the college wings was too much for them, however, and after forcing the ball to centre by a great run of Captain Rosehill's, they lost it. St. Andrew's played an open game and gained by Cotton's kicks and fast following up. Ridley lost the ball on "Downs," near their own goal line; a high kick, a fumble, and E. Allen was over for a try—score 10—6 for Ridley.

Upon resuming play Captains Rosehill and Sale met in a head-on collision, and were laid out for a while. At nearly every scrimmage someone was hurt.

Now the St. Andrew's College team showed their staying powers, for they seemed to outplay their opponents. A series of scrimmages and a nice run by Ferguson brought S. A. C. another five points—score 10—11. Here Ridley worked like Trojans, but their condition could not stand it. Their halves were fumbling, and their spirit seemed to waver, with but ten minutes to play. Our long kicks and fast following up soon got the ball close to Ridey's goal posts again. It was a fake buck, a rush, and Captain Sale was around the end and over for our last try—score 10—16.

The last few minutes of play were exceedingly fast, and Ridley braced up, forcing the play into our territory. A few seconds more and the ball was carried into touch, not far from S. A. C.'s line. In the scrap that ensued on the touch line, S.A.C. got the ball; a short pass, and Cotton kicked into touch far down the field. During the scrimmage that followed McKnaught and Rosehill were both laid out, and had to go off. Several others were hurt

also, but not seriously. Each team was now playing with only eleven men, and during the last three minutes the ball was kept in St. Andrew's territory.

It was a great game, and every man worked his hardest. The most prominent on the wing line were Allison, Allan, and Spohn; while Ferguson, Sale, and Cotton were the mainstays of the back division.

For Ridley, Rosehill was easily their best man, while Lea, Newman, and Brown showed up well on the line.

The team was as follows: Back, Fergusson (Tower); halves, Cotton, Sale (Capt.), Grier; quarter, Ferguson 1; wings, Chase, Douglas, Allan, Spohn, Allen 2, Alison, May, Crossen, Thorne,

S. A. C. vs. T. C. S.

The last game was on November 5th at Port Hope, when the St. Andrew's fourteen defeated the Trinity College School boys by 53—1.

It was anything but favorable football weather, being cold, rainy, and raw. The grounds, which are bad enough at any time, were in many places quite muddy.

S. A. C. won the toss and kicked down the field. Play had hardly started when, on a long kick, T. C. S. were forced to rouge, 1—0. A lull, and interchange of punts forced the ball into Trinity territory, afterwards resulting in a try by Ferguson 1, which was not converted, score 6—0. The kick was returned and then T. C. S. used their big centre-half, Colridge, who played a great game as long as his strength held, but with little or no support. He could do nothing against the college wings. They lost the ball on "downs," and a nice run by Sale added another try to St. Andrew's, score 11—0.

The remainder of the first half was just a "kicking" struggle, from which, by fast following up and hard tackling, S. A .C. managed to secure eighteen points before the half-time whistle, score 18—0.

During the half-time space Colridge fainted several times, and was unable to continue. His place was taken by MacKenzie, at centre-half. New spirit was exhibited by both teams, and for a short time Trinity put up a plucky fight against weight and speed. Time soon told, however, and ere long the boys wearing "Crimson and White" had made a wholesome score of forty. Alison, Ferguson 1, Thorne, and Cotton secured tries, of which two

were converted. Thomas' knee was hurt, and several other small injuries, including a sprained ankle of Cotton's and a bruised shoulder of full-back Stone, were sustained during the last few minutes of play. On a scrimmage given for an off-side play on St. Andrew's ten-yard line, T. C. S. scored their only point of the year, by kicking well into the trees and long grass at the corner of our goal line. Ferguson 2 tried hard to relieve, but falling over a small hill fumbled and was obliged to kick the ball into touch in goal, score 40—1.

The "pig-skin" was hurriedly returned to T. C. S. territory, and by a series of bucks and short runs Sale and Douglas each secured a try for the Saints, but neither was converted; score now 50—1. The repeated shoutings of the Trinity supporters was of no avail, their backs were outpunted and pulled down, while their wings were outplayed, and after a rouge, a dead-line and touch-in goal had been scored for St. Andrew's, the whistle rang out, finishing the game, and marking the close of our football season for 1904.

Mr. MacDonald, as referee, and Mr. Boyle, as umpire, acted very efficiently.

For T. C. S., Colridge, Stone, Drummond, and Fortier were prominent; while for St. Andrew's the wings played a hard, aggressive game; Alison, Spohn, MacLaren, and Allan being always on the ball. Capt. Sale and his back division played a fine game.

The team: Full-back, Monk; halves, Cotton 1, Fergusson 2, Sale (Capt.); quarter, Ferguson 1; wings, Alison, Spohn, Chase, Allan, Douglas, Allen, Crossen, Thorne, MacLaren.

Personnel of the Team.

"Tower" Ferguson (full-back) catches and runs well, but is a little slow in relieving, and is inclined to run often when he should kick.

Julian Sale (centre half)—the oldest color on the team, and has twice been captain, in 1902 and 1904—played centre half this year, and his weight was of great value in the triple buck. Runs and catches well, but is inclined to be somewhat erratic at times.

J. D. Cotton (right half) has been a member of the Senior team for three years now. Is an excellent punt and a good catch. His kicking this year was responsible for a good deal of the scoring. His weakness lies in bucking the line, and running around the ends.

Grier (left half) learned to play the game in Montreal. Is a good steady player, but his usefulness was marred by his being laid up most of the season with a bad leg.

W. W. Ferguson (quarter)—a much better quarter at the new than at the old game. His passing and bucking this year were very effective, and he was a great strength to the team.

A. M. Douglas (scrimmage) held down his old position at outside. A good, steady worker, and assisted the wing line quite frequently by stealing the ball.

Allan 1 (centre scrimmage), a member of last year's Second team, gets the ball out quickly and neatly.

P. D. Spohn (scrimmage), another of last year's colors. Did not talk so much on the field this year and played a much better game. Followed up well and worked hard.

"Bert" Alison (inside wing) came up from full-back to inside wing, and played a splendid game in his new position. Is aggressive and always on the ball.

L. Crossen (middle wing). His second year on the Seniors, and is faster than ever. His leg went back on him early in the season, and prevented his taking part in all the games.

E. Thorne (outside wing). A good man for this position, and is one of the best tackles on the team.

D. McLaren (outside wing). One of last year's Second team. Is tackling and following up well. Had his ankle sprained in U.C.C. match, and was laid up for the Ridley game.

Chase 1 (middle wing). Another graduate from the Seconds. A good fighter and tackler. Was very regular at practices.

Allan 2 (inside wing) began the season at quarter, but was found to be more effective on the wing line. His tackling was good, and he followed up well, securing many of the tries.

Edna May (middle wing) replaced McLaren in the U.C.C. match, after the latter's injury, and played a good game. Also gave a good account of himself against Ridley College.

H. Monk (full back) is a splendid tackle, and a good catch, but a little light for Senior company as yet. Played against T.C.S., but did not have much to do. Should make the Seniors next year.

The Second Team.

The Second team for 1904, although not winning either of the two matches played this year, was a good one, and showed by the manner in which they turned out to practice against the Firsts what kind of football spirit they possessed.

On October 15 the Second team, under the management of Mr. Wallace, left Toronto by the early train for Hamilton where they were to play Highfield School. When they arrived at their destination they hurried into their football clothes and on to the field to play a team which, by its record this year, shows that it is fit for senior college football. The result of the game was no more than was expected from a team as heavy and as fast as Highfield. The score, although rather large, shows what a hard fight St. Andrew's must have put up. Because the team lost by a score of 16—0 it does not mean that they did not play a good game, and the Second team as a whole, as well as Captain Bronson, deserve to be congratulated on their good work.

The second game played against the same team is a better example of what our boys could do. It was played on our own grounds (Rosedale). With quite a large body of supporters to cheer them on the team did better, and before the game had been going long, Highfield had a chance to see that St. Andrew's College boys need to be reckoned with on occasions. The score 3—1 will give some idea of the play of both teams.

Awry, the Highfield captain and centre half, was perhaps the most brilliant player on the field. For St. Andrew's all the back division played exceedingly well, while on the wing line Bronson, Monk and Carver were most prominent.

To the Second team great praise and credit are due for the manner in which they turned out daily to withstand the heavier and more experienced players of the First team. Our one hope is that this spirit may continue in the school in years to come.

The line up: Full back, K. Angus; halves, Monk, Bronson (Capt.), MacDonald 1; quarter, McArthur; scrim., Bole, Blackstock, McPhedran; wings, McKay 2, Willmott, Driscoll, Carver, Fraser, Murray.

Third Team.

From among our other teams the Third should not be left out. A look at the list of games and their scores will show a very successful season. Owing to the delay in organizing this team

few games were arranged, but all things considered Manager McPherson is to be congratulated on his work.

The team was ably captained by B. C. Gayfer, who got his men out regularly and worked hard with them each day. As centre-half he played a strong game, his bucking and drop kicking being especially good. Cotton 2 and Zeigler at half deserve great credit for their punting. On the wing line Ross-Ross and Moffat were the best tackles, and were always on the ball. The team lined up as follows:

Full-back, McPherson; half-back, Zeigler, Gayfer, Cotton 2; quarter-back, Tuckett; scrimmage, Gill, Winans, Wheeler; wings, Brown, Housser, Thompson, Ross-Ross, Moffat, Holden 1.

List of Games.

Home games:

St. Andrew's III., 4; Maple Leaves, 7.

St. Andrew's III., 22; Ontarios, 0.

St. Andrew's III., 16; Harbord II., 3.

At Rosedale:

St. Andrew's III., 3; Maple Leaves, 0.

In the game against Harbord II. Captain Gayfer kicked three drops and a dead line, scoring all the points.

FENCING CLASS.

—Photo by G. M. W.

The Cross-Country Run.

THE annual Cross-Country Run, which took place on Monday, November 21, was successful in every way. The time for last year's run, which was slightly over four miles in length, was 32 minutes. This year both Sale and Allen finished under that time, although the course was almost three-quarters of a mile longer.

The race is for the Wallace Cross-Country Cup, presented two years ago by Mr. A. E. Wallace for annual competition. The winner of the race has his name inscribed on a shield put on the base of the cup. Silver and bronze medals are also given for first and second places, respectively.

The course was from the College courtyard, down Roxborough Street to the Rosedale lacrosse grounds, from there past the Don valley brick yards and straight north for some distance beyond Rosedale heights. Thence with a circular motion down across the C.P.R. tracks, through Reservoir Park to the ravine at the foot of Roxborough Street, up the hill and along Roxborough to the College.

This course offered all kinds of "going." There was a full quota of hills, the ground slippery in some places and good running in others, while near the Rosedale Heights it was rough and boggy.

The contestants were started by Mr. Cooper in squads at short intervals. Great interest was taken in the race by the boys present, and speculation was rife as to the winner. Unfortunately several were unable to run owing to injuries received during the football season.

The runners were closely watched as they went half way around the College track, out at the middle of Roxborough Street gate, and then along the street until it was no longer possible to distinguish individual runners. Soon the stewards of the first part of the course began to come in with reports of the order at their respective posts, thus adding greatly to the interest. Sale and Allen, it seemed, were leading the main body, and often exchanging places throughout the course.

After about twenty-five minutes waiting, someone shouted that Sale was coming, and a few seconds later he entered the College grounds, put on a spurt, and finished in grand style. Time, 29 minutes. Allen finished second a minute later, and Gayfer third in 32 1-2 minutes, with Chase 1, close upon him. Then May, Wheeler, Skinner, Edmunds, Copping and Massey finished in close order.

Next morning the medals were presented by Mr. Macdonald in the Prayer Hall, Sale receiving the medal offered by the Principal, in addition to his name plate, whilst Allen received the medal for second place. The fortunate cake-winners, each accompanied by his circle of " friends," received their prizes later the same day, the latter being, at least in the estimation of the " friends," the *summum bonum* of the race.

McPHEDRAN.

Outlook for Hockey.

St. Andrew's College has never in her past history had such a bright outlook for hockey, On the forward line we have three of our old colors back, Sale, Cotton and Crossen. These, with the addition of Grier, a Montreal star from the Victorias, ought to make up the fastest forward line the College has ever seen. On the defence we have our point of last year's team, Douglas, and the cover-point will be chosen from among the newcomers. The position at goal is being very keenly contested by McLaren 1, and Warden, both of whom are good men.

The Mutual Street Rink has again been leased for the season, and the practices will take place on three days a week from 4.30 until 5.30. With such material S.A.C. should have a good chance of winning her district, if not the championship in the Junior O.H.A.

B. ALISON.

Miscellany.

Open Letter to the Old Boys from the Principal.

To the Old Boys of the St. Andrew's College:

MY DEAR BOYS,—The REVIEW has suggested that I write you an open Christmas letter, and I welcome the opportunity of extending to each and all of you hearty Christmas greetings and good wishes for the New Year.

At once I am confronted with the question, What am I to say? —a query difficult to answer, because there is so much I would like to speak of could I see you face to face. At once I want to ask what you are doing, where you are and why you are there,

what life has been doing for you, and what you have been doing with life since last we met. But these and many like questions are not for such a letter as this, so I must refrain. However, let me assure you of my continued interest in you. While I know what most of you are doing and where you are, yet it causes me some regret to feel that there are many of my Old Boys of whose present daily life I know very little. Is it too much, then, for me to ask that you write me of these things—of your present occupation and your prospects, of your ideals, your objects, your difficulties? Such letters would be much appreciated I assure you.

The present occasion affords me a good opportunity of both thanking and congratulating the Old Boys because of the action of their committee in undertaking to place on record a tangible mark of their regard for the old school, in the erection of a statue of St. Andrew over the main doorway of the new building. You will be glad to know that the building operations are progressing favorably. The roof of the main building is completed and that of the Junior School will be on in a few weeks. Our friends will have reason to be satisfied with the building, both as to appearance and equipment, and we look forward with great pleasure to being able to entertain the Old Boys there on the occasion of the opening.

Our attendance this year is larger than ever, and many applications have had to be declined, owing to lack of further accommodation. Of those so declined forty-eighty were from resident pupils.

I ask you to remember that the school is being judged by the boys who have gone from within her walls to the work of life. That her honor is safe in your hands there is already abundant evidence. For your own sakes and for hers I pray you be vigilant that it may ever continue so.

One word of counsel for the New Year. In your daily life be strong, be faithful, be upright, be generous. In the words of your old College motto: "Quit ye like men, be strong." Strive so to live that others may be better for having come in contact with you, and cultivate the healthy optimism of a consistent faith in God. Yours faithfully,

D. Bruce Macdonald.

Great joy in Noah it begat,
When he came down from Ararat;
No duffer gray, was there to say,
He'd seen a far worse flood than that.—*Anonymous.*

Saint Andrew.

OF St. Andrew, from whom our college takes its name, very few definite facts are known. The New Testament, which contains most of the authentic information concerning the apostles, says very little about him. From it we find that he was the brother of Simon Peter, and that he was born in Bethsaida, Galilee; later on he became the first disciple, and finally one of the apostles of Jesus. Nothing is said about him after the crucifixion of his Master.

Tradition tells us that he preached the Gospel in Scythia and Western Greece, and was himself crucified at Patrae, about 62 or 70 A.D. His relics were discovered in Justinian's time at Constantinople, and remained there until 1210 A.D. His cross, or part of it, is said to be enclosed in one of the four great piers of the dome of St. Peter's Cathedral in Rome.

St. Regulus, about 740 A.D., brought over an arm of the saint into Scotland, and from that time St. Andrew seems to have become the patron saint of Scotland. Although not, strictly speaking, the patron saint of Russia, he is held in great veneration there, as the apostle who, according to tradition, first preached the Gospel in those regions. Each country has an order named after him.

In Scotland there is the "most ancient" Order of St. Andrew, more commonly known as the Order of the Thistle. The mythical date of its founding is 787 A.D., but it was first established in 1540, by James V., of Scotland. After several changes in its constitution the number of knights was finally limited in 1827, to sixteen peers of the Scottish nobility, in addition to the Sovereign. The star of the Order is a silver cross with a round gold plaque, bearing the Scotch thistle on a green field. The ribbon is also green.

The Russian Order of St. Andrew is the highest in the Empire. Only members of the Imperial household, and others of high rank may belong to it.

St. Andrew has not figured greatly as a subject for famous sculptors and artists. There is, however, a fine statue of him in St. Peter's at Rome, and another very similar one in Edinburgh.

The statue of St. Andrew, which the old boys are presenting to the school for the new building, is modeled after that in the latter city. It will be set in some prominent place over the main entrance to the building. MOFFATT.

Literary Society.

At recess on the morning of Wednesday, December 7th, the fourth, fifth, and sixth forms assembled in the fifth form classroom for the purpose of electing the officers of the Literary Society for the coming year.

Mr. Walker, the retiring president, after thanking the members of the committee for the way in which they had assisted him during the past year in getting up the programmes, resigned, and called for the nomination of officers for 1905. The following were elected:

Hon. President, Mr. J. K. Macdonald.
President, Mr. Fleming.
1st Vice-President, Ferguson 1.
2nd Vice-President, Alison.
Secretary-Treasurer, Moffatt.
Historians, Grier and McCrea.

In past years the staff of this society has been elected by the school as a whole, but this year, owing to the increase in numbers, the principal thought it better that this should be done by the upper school alone.

For many years now Mr. J. K. Macdonald has been elected by acclamation as Honorary President, and his re-election was no surprise.

For the presidency, Mr. Fleming received a good majority, while for the other offices there was more or less competition. This society has been of great benefit to the boys in the past, and we all hope that under the new management the good work will be continued.

COOCH.

A Western Town en Fete.

All Cardston's loyal citizens were having the time of their lives. On July 1st they had celebrated Dominion Day with a proper amount of enthusiasm; warming to their work they managed to excel themselves on the second day of the month, which they named Cardston Day. Sunday had given them a good twelve hours' sleep once more, and Monday found them full of spirits (in both meanings of the word) and ready to eclipse all previous records in celebrating American Day.

The little booklet entitled "Glimpses of Cardston," and issued by the corporation of that town, describes Cardston as the coming metropolis of the West. Nevertheless, the citizens of this patriotic town loyally waved aside all business interests and devoted themselves exclusively to celebration.

Though I had missed the first two fête days, I was assured that this last one was to climax them all. The inhabitants were in a particularly festive mood, as in the morning of the same day their local wrestling champion had defeated a famous outsider who had challenged him. I was informed that the match was an exceedingly interesting one, the victor having smashed a couple of ribs and the collar-bone of his opponent, besides winning much money for his fellow-citizens.

Some track events and a baseball match were to come off in the afternoon, and at night a big dance was to be held in the Mormon meeting-house. Everyone felt confident of having a good time.

The crowd around the track was certainly an interesting one, and very different from any I had ever seen before. Rigs were lined up ten deep, and everyone who did not drive came on horseback. Cowboys were there all decked out in their "chaps" and jingling spurs. Indians sauntered around in their brightly colored

blankets. But the great part of the crowd consisted of plainly dressed, sunburnt men, with nothing distinguished looking about them except that nearly everyone wore a soft felt hat slouched over his eyes to keep out the sun. It was a common sight to see two and even three children piled on the back of one patient old horse. Most of the events that came off were similar to those we see here every day.

I saw an Indian half-breed do a hundred yards in ten seconds flat. His whole preparation for the race consisted in taking off his coat and putting on a pair of running shoes.

The winner of the mile ran in a costume that would hardly be allowed on any other track. In place of a jersey he wore an undershirt ; a garment of a similar make replaced the conventional running pants, whilst for spiked shoes he wore simply a pair of black socks.

Breathless, but happy, he advanced to the judges' stand and received his prize, then he put on his clothes again and once more became an interested spectator.

The roping match was entirely new to me, and I watched it with great interest.

A young steer is let loose from a lot of others who are shut up in a corral. He is given a start of about a hundred yards, then the signal is given to one of the competitors, who spurs up his horse and immediately gives chase, rope in hand. The steer goes off at the high run, with the horse close behind it. The rider, at the first opportunity, ropes it, throws it, and whilst the horse is straining back to keep it from rising, the man ties the fore and hind legs and throws up his hands to show he is finished.

The first one let loose went off at full speed, but his pursuer caught up with it and roped it round the two hind legs. The steer went down like a shot amidst a cloud of dust, and before it could get up the horse was straining back, and the man had its legs tied together.

The next one was caught round the neck and the far foreleg. This is supposed to be the proper way to rope a steer, as it cannot strangle him, but the poor beast came down so heavily that he broke a horn clean off.

Another was caught by both forelegs and flipped head over heels to light on his neck and snap it in two.

Of course, some got away altogether, and others were not much hurt, but on the whole it was pretty hard on the steers.

The winner of the competition roped and tied his animal in half a minute.

The baseball match was won by the home team, and this brought joy and money into the hearts and the pockets of its supporters. Everyone was happy and enjoying himself.

On the way home I noticed a crowd gathered in the middle of the road, and prompted by curiosity I joined it. In the centre

was a half-breed and a little black horse. The man was about as drunk as he could be, though he still retained the power of speech. He was boasting to an amused crowd of his powers of horsemanship. Mounting his steed, he said in a thick voice, "The proper way to ride thish horse is to get on his back" (which he did rather unsteadily), "and to take off the bridle and bit." He then unbuckled the head harness, and looking proudly around, continued: "An' to spur him up." Following out his words, he shoved his thumbs in the horse's shoulders and raked him with his spurs. The little horse shied, and set off with a start that nearly shook its drunken rider off. They tore down the street in a cloud of dust for about two hundred yards; then they got mixed up with a fence, and the next thing we saw was the half-breed lying in the ditch and the horse rushing down the road, evidently with no idea of stopping for some time. The man must have been tough, for he got nothing but a few bruises, except that he might have been a little sobered up by the accident. You may be sure he didn't stay in that mental condition any longer than he could help.

I heard that the ball added another to the long list of successful events, and also, though it was not officially stated, that the next day was a holiday, too, although of a quieter kind.

A. MOFFAT.

Please clean, press and oblige Sale.

Boy (reading from Latin book)—I promised to pay him tomorrow.

Master—What did you say?

After the picture gallery was successfully arranged on the top flat it was remarkable how quickly a rival scrap book was got up.

It is said that the one and only fire practice on the top flat ended in the complete route of the fire-brigade.

Now boys do sthop zat.

It was remarkable how quickly the bell-boy near the corner dormitory got his proper uniform.

Didn't Douglas' face brighten up when the second goose was brought in?

First Woman—Just to think that while Lot and his wife were walking along Lot turned into a pillar of salt.

Second Woman—I walked down street with my husband the other day and he turned into a saloon.

Football Dinner.

The fourth annual supper in honor of the first and second football teams was held on Friday evening, December 9th, in the college dining-room. The tables, which were set for thirty-six, were very artistically draped in the school colors—crimson and white—and decorated with numerous flowers and plants.

Mr. Cooper, the President of the Athletic Association, was in the chair. After the toast to "The King" had been loyally honored and the National Anthem sung, Thorne was called upon to propose "Our College," which he did in a very appropriate manner. Mr. J. K. Macdonald, in replying, took occasion to run over the past history of the school, pointing out wherein it had met with success, and also lines along which it could be advanced in the future. He concluded by explaining the meaning of the word "College," as being a corporation, all the departments of which must work harmoniously together for the purpose of carrying on intellectual and scientific research.

Mr. Wallace, in proposing "The First Team," congratulated it upon the manner in which the members had turned out to practise, and the increased interest they had taken in the game this year. Captain Sale responded, giving a brief account of the season's matches, and thanking the individual members of the team for the support rendered him.

At this juncture Driscoll favored us with a piano solo, which was so well received that he was called upon for an encore.

Douglas then proposed "Our Country," reminding us of the glorious heritage to which all Canadians have fallen heirs. Allan 1, responded, in what was, perhaps, the best speech made by any of the boys during the evening. The resources, the magnitude and the opportunities for a successful life to all St. Andrew's boys, in this, our native land, were each in turn emphasized.

The next toast on the list, "The Staff," was rather a delicate one, and Alison, in proposing it, found himself at a loss to know just how much should be said, and how much left unsaid. He concluded it would be better if the audience simply took his speech for granted and called upon Mr. Robinson to respond. The latter, in a very able address, treated of the relationships existing between the boys and staff in a school such as this, and after pointing out the advantages to be derived from athletics, concluded by congratulating the Principal, Mr. Macdonald, upon the very creditable manner in which he has been conducting the college.

Mr. Fleming then favored us with a song, which was enjoyed very much.

The Second team now came in for its share of the honors, and after their health had been proposed by Maclaren 1, Captain Bronson responded, thanking the boys for turning out to practise so regularly, and displaying so much pluck in standing up against the heavy first team each day.

"The Athletic Association" brought Dr. Meyers, the past president, to his feet, who delivered one of his inimitably humorous speeches. Vice-President Cotton responded, laying stress upon the advantages to be gained from an association such as this, where all the work falls upon the boys themselves.

Thorne at this juncture favored us with a few popular airs on the mandolin, accompanied by Driscoll on the piano.

"The Old Boys" was then proposed by Crossen, and responded to by Housser, the treasurer of the Old Boys' Association, who told us of the interest with which the old boys, as a whole, watched everything connected with the welfare of the college.

The next toast on the list, "The Ladies," gave two of our promising young orators an opportunity of getting off a few jokes at the expense of certain individuals present at the banquet. Ferguson 1, in proposing the toast, endeavored to get even with some who are continually rubbing it into him for wasting so much time upon his many girl friends. Spohn responded, in what he thought must be his maiden speech, an elaborate dissertation upon woman in all phases and features of her existence. What these two young gentlemen didn't know about the ladies is not worth knowing.

Before adjournment was moved the principal was called upon to make a few remarks. The company then joined in singing "Auld Lang Syne," and as it dispersed gave three cheers for the college, the principal, and Mrs. Macdonald, who had so kindly superintended the decorating of the tables.

"The Dance."

On Friday evening, November 11th, the college dance took place. A large number were present, and the result was that numerous couples wended their way through the sprightly two-step and gliding waltz, or took advantage of the many cosy sitting-out places, which were at all times in demand. The dance was in every respect the most successful that has yet taken place at St. Andrew's College. The fifth form

class-room was artistically fitted up as a sitting-out room, and in it were many secluded little nooks. The recreation room was very prettily draped with flags and bunting, and in the grate glowed a homelike fire, which radiated warm messages that reached and also melted the hearts of all those who lingered near.

About twelve o'clock refreshments were served, and after several more numbers had been danced, the guests departed. All the boys wish to heartily thank Mr. and Mrs. Macdonald for the fine time they had. There were about two hundred and fifty present, and everybody expressed themselves as having had a very enjoyable evening. Among the old boys of the college who were present were:

D. Ferguson, R. P. Saunders, Allan Gillies, W. Goldstien, D. Booth, B. D. Hall, F. Collins, J. Gunn, E. Wilmott, A. E. Gooderham, G. H. Wallace, F. Chestnut, W. J. Lea, N. Keith, H. Keefer, H. B. Housser, G. McGillvry, and many others.

Notes on Dance.

It is reported that it was a Second House boy who broke the lemonade drinking record for this year's dance.

Forgie, in an excited tone: "Gee, whiz! can't you give me a knock-down to somebody?"

There is a rumor that "Tiny" shaved three times between half-past seven and eight o'clock.

Why did Monk sit in the music-room so long after the third extra?

Dub, rushing upstairs, three steps at a time: "Well, this is the fourth collar for me."

Conversation heard behind a screen; P. D. S., in a low whisper: "Just one, P-L-E-A-S-E?"

Master Starr Edmonds and Gordon Sands adorned the radiator until ten o'clock, when they retired worn out.

Forgie, to lady whom he has just met: "Do you work in Eaton's?"

W. W. W.

A Football Poem.

I love to read
The football news;
Oh, sweet and pleasant game;
I love the crunch
Of hob-nailed shoes
Against the human frame.

I love their coy
And winsome ways;
I dote upon the grace
With which they rub
The features off
Of each dear brother's face.

I love the crunch
And crack of bones,
I yearn to hear the thud
When all the boys
Pile up to grind
An eyeball in the mud.

Oh, rarest time
Of all the year;
Oh, days beyond compare,
When brother jumps
On brother's face
And leaves his footprints there.

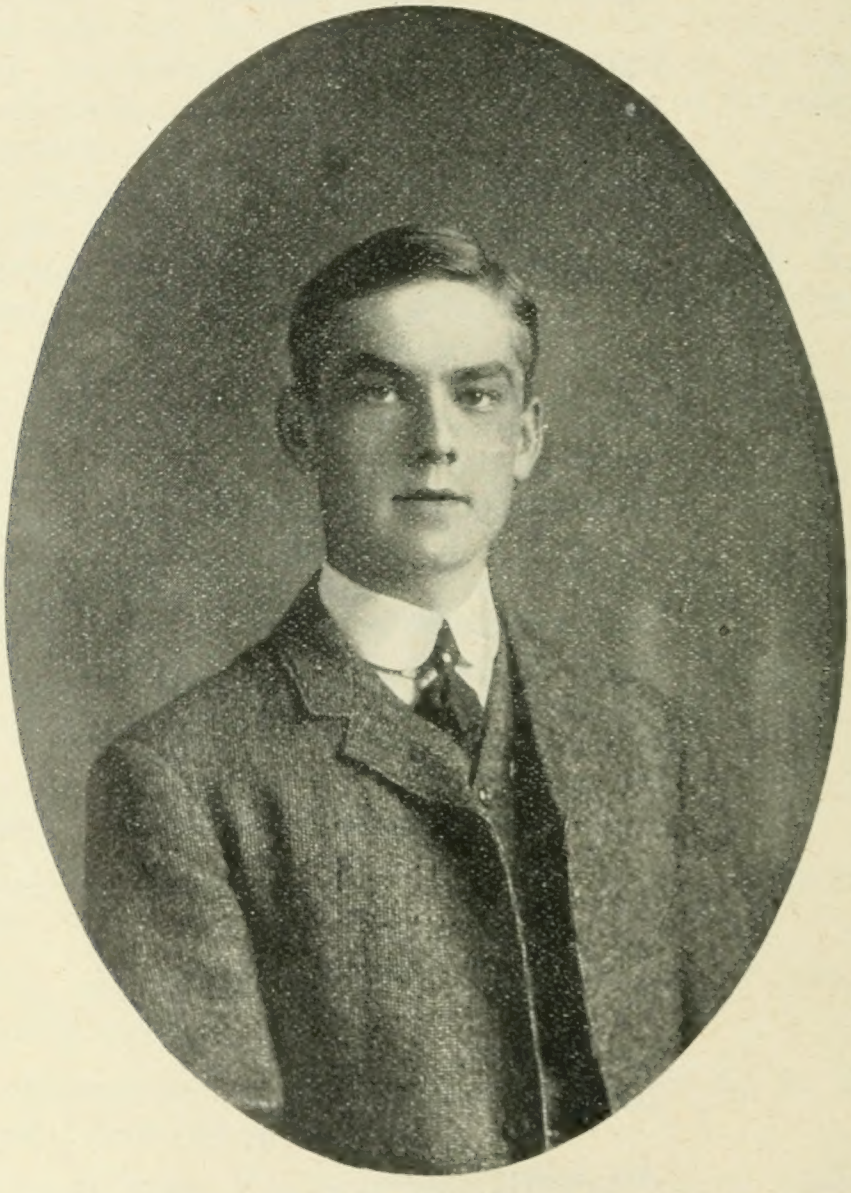
I long to mix
Up with the bunch,
And wallow in the grime;
I want to have
My wishbone pressed
Into the sands of time.

Ah, when I read
The football news
Comes Peace, the white-winged dove,
And makes me want
To kick the face
Off every one I love.

DU VERNET.

The Macdonald Gold Medallist.

THE President's gold medal, which is awarded annually by Mr. J. K. Macdonald to the boy passing highest at the Toronto matriculation, was won this year by R. P. Saunders. Saunders is a Toronto boy, and spent his early school days in the



R. P. SAUNDERS.

Huron Street school. He then went to Harbord Collegiate for a year, after which he came to S.A.C. In the year 1900 he entered the school, in Form IV., as a day boy. He continued in this capacity until the end of the year 1902 when he graduated

from Form V. He then decided to enter as a boarder and for two more years he enjoyed the residence life at St. Andrew's as such. Last July he succeeded in passing highest, of any of the boys in the school, at the Toronto matriculation, thus winning the President's gold medal. He is now attending the classical lectures at the University prior to entering upon his medical course.

An Ode to "Scrag" MacArthur.

(By a member of last year's Corner Dormitory.)

Fairest of nature's daughters,
A boy of untold grace,
Brought up in a dreary wilderness,
But of the MacArthur race.

A boy of sterling qualities;
A lad with auburn hair,
Where'er there is a gathering,
You'll see "Ching" MacArthur there.

He worketh in detention,
He worketh long and loud,
And when the convicts are dismissed,
He leads the joyous crowd.

A boy of lordly manner,
A lad of stately mien,
A youth with colored hair
That cannot be called green.

He loveth all his fellows,
With a vim as yet untold;
He likes to "josh" the sergeant
With a nerve that's true and bold.

He liketh to watch nature,
The dewdrops and the sheen;
And sometimes his companions
Call him "Fair Evangeline!"

As Others See Us.

A Boarder's Lament.

(With apologies to Elizabeth Akers Allen.)

Backward, turn backward, O Time, in thy flight!
Feed me on gruel, mother, just for to-night;
I am so weary of sole-leather steak,
Petrified doughnuts and vulcanized cake;
Oysters that slept in a watery bath,
Butter as strong as Goliath of Gath;
Tired of paying for what I don't eat,
Chewing up rubber and calling it meat.

Backward, turn backward, for weary I am;
Give me a crack at my grandmother's jam;
Let me eat butter, whose hair has been trimmed;
Let me drink milk that has never been skimmed;
Let me once more have an old-fashioned pie,
And then I'll be ready to curl up and die.

NOTE.—The boy who sent this in was caned.

"Hey!" yelled Bronson in his sleep, "give that log another push there." No doubt he thought he was back on the Ottawa, rolling logs.

Master: "McCrae, have you got your work done?"
McCrea: "No, sir; I was thinking of skits for the *Review.*"

The Second House has been the headquarters of "The International Disappearance Syndicate."

Grandfather to Charlie who has come home for his Christmas holidays after being a term in the Junior House—How do you like the school, Charlie?
Charlie—I like it very much, Grandfather.
Grandfather—Who runs the school?
Charlie (in surprise)—Why Charlie Prior and Clinker.

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McLachlin 1, "Furnishes clothes for the Second House."
Bronson, May, Grier: "Three wise men from the East."
"Forgie: "Small, but breezy."
Phillips 1 and 2: "Duplicates."
McLachlan 2: "A second edition."
Sands: "I never did any harm."
Monk: "An admirer of theatres."
Grier: "The use of books is to use them as little as possible."
Ferguson 1: "An admirer of ladies."

Wilbur (to the sad faces around him as the sausages are brought in)—"Poor Clinker." Ten minutes later, with a wry face—I guess he had rheumatism.

Professor Barton may have muscle, but did you ever feel the muscle on Mr. Macdonald's right arm? Ask McCrea.

Society will be surprised to hear that General Booth, Edna May, Mr. Dowey and Mr. Horner, are spending the winter in California.

Edna May, we hate to say,
Had taken kindly to the way
Of disobeying rules.
To his dismay it didn't pay;
So Hammie wends his weary way
To use the sergeant's tools.

Spohn, at the telephone, the day of the football dinner: "Mr. President and Gentlemen."

Mr. N.—McCullough, what are you up to?
McCullough—Not up to the ceiling yet, sir.

It is rumored that Goggin has asked Santa Claus to put a number of mirrors in his room.

McPherdan (the scholar), as he surveys the line on which some shirts and Rugby suits are hanging—"Will all the perfumes of Arabia sweeten this little band?"

From Ottawa came Bronson, hearty and hale;
In his right hand a brush,
In the other a pail,
Intending to paint St. Andrew's bright red,
But to his consternation, he was painted instead.

Cooch (as he daintily sponges his face)—How delicious it is to get a good wash once in a while.

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His mind is slow to comprehend,
  His feet are slow to walk,
We tryeth hard his ways to mend,
  He will not even talk.

When lights are out, the master gone,
  We cannot even teach
The boy to give the College yell,
  Or give to us a speech.

You'll wonder who this youth can be?
  You should have guessed before;
His room is in the Second House,
  His name is Thomson four.

November 23, 1904—Red Letter Day—Clinker's birthday—Goose for dinner—Fat Sale by an unavoidable mistake sent his plate out after the fourteenth helping.

December 1—"Grimes" Fergusson has flown over to the New College and back—Doodle Cotton has webbed toes—Whity Allen has quite a growth of feathers on his chin—Doc. Wishart has a beak (bill)—Old Gander Douglas, regardless of the weather, takes his little flock of goslings for their after-dinner swim.

Hammy May is now using Pears' soap—I wonder why —Father has been staying at the "Queen's."

Brutus Blackstock—"Our Gibby."

Tommy had a very successful hunting trip, even if he did forget his gun.

St. Andrew's College Theatrical Company, under the management of Mr. Findlay, present their new play, "Evangeline." Dramatis Personæ: Benedict Bellefontaine, Nat. Chase; Gabriel Lajennesse, Edo Palmer; Basil, the Blacksmith, Fat Sale; Evangeline, Miss Bertie Allison; Father Leblanc (the notary), Tiny McLaughlin; Michael, the Fiddler, Grimes Fergusson; the King's Commissioner, Blackstock; Father Felician, Phœbe Wrong; Baptiste Leblanc, Forgie; Loup-garou, Wilbur; Acadian Peasants, Moffatt, Flavelle, Dixon and Goggin; assisted by the little orphan girl, Cooch. The performance will start at 8.30 sharp at the "Bayou Plaquemine" Theatre, Wolfville.

VI. Form Chorus—Please, Santa Claus, send us a new tablecloth.